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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE NEW BAPTIST PSALMIST,

FOR

CHURCHES AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

J. R. GRAVES, EDITOR,

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE SERAPH FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND PRAYER MEETINGS," ETC.

Let the people praise thee, O God,
Let ALL the people praise thee.—DAVID.

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DEDICATION.

TO

ALL WHO LOVE JESUS,

AND WHO LOVE

TO SING HIS PRAISES IN THE CONGREGATION

OF HIS PEOPLE,

OR IN PRIVATE DEVOTION,

THIS

LITTLE SERVICE OF SONG

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

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THE NEW

BAPTIST PSALMIST.

THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 L. M.

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high,
At his rebuke, the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

2 C. M.

The Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

3 C. M.

God Immutable.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

4 C. M.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try,
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

5 C. M.

The Heart-searching God.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Whate'er the guise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

6 C. M.

God's Works declare him.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love
And power with goodness blends.

7 L. M.

Wisdom of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing.
Praise him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned.
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

8 H. M.

Glory of God's Government.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their fell designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

ATTRIBUTES AND ACTS OF GOD.

9 C. M.

The Greatness of God.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,—
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light,—

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove,
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

10 C. M.

The Lord is Great.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

11 C. M.

God the Help of his People.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

12 C. M.

God's Goodness endures.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

13 C. M.

God our Father.

1 MY God, my Father—blissful name—
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

14 L. M.

God worthy of our Praise.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

15 L. M.

The Lord the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:

Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

16 8s.

Jehovah our God Forever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

17 C. M.

God is all.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

18 C. M.

God over All.

1 HOW firm the saint's foundation stands,
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

19 8s & 7s.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

20 H. M.

Joy at the Birth of Christ.

1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
The Lord forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

21 7s.

Song of the Angels.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

22 C. M.

The Announcement.

1 TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

23 S. M.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long,
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

THE CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

24 C. P. M.

Excellency of Christ.

1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,

And we shall see his face;
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

25 L. M.

Behold the Man.

1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man, by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes:
His person and his claims contemned,
A Man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

26 L. M.

Christ ever Present in his Churches.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell within the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

27 8s.

What think ye of Christ?

1 WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme:
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is belovèd or not,
So God is disposèd to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can!
If doings prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail;
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

3 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.

So guilty, so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,
Unless I could make the reply,
That Christ is my Lord and my God.

28 S. M.

I am the Way, etc.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the Way:
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the Truth:
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the Life:
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.

29 C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

1 BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

30 S. M.

Christ gives his Life for the Sheep.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

MISSION AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

31 C. M.

Pity and Condescension of Christ.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love—
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

32 C. M.

Pity of Christ.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs:
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

33 L. M.

Object of Christ's Advent.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear,
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

34 S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness;
And meekness, patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.

3 He is the Light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

35 S. M.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

36 7s & 4s.

Calvary.

1 HARK! from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness—Jesus dies!
On the cross the Lord of lords
Love for guilty man records;
Sinner, sinner,
Hear your dying Saviour's words,

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die,—
Guilt that dared your God defy;
Blood for you I freely give;
Death I taste that you may live;
Will you, sinner,
Free salvation now receive?"

37 8s, 7s, & 4s.

The Expiring Saviour.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,—
Finished—all that God hath promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

38 C. M.

The Resurrection Morning.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring

39

7s.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

40 L. M.

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty Captive prisoner lay;—
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

41 L. M.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death:
Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized:
In his release our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou, too, shalt bear a harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.

42 C. M.

Comfort to Believers.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

43 L. M.

Christ's Triumph.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

44 C. M.

Triumphant Ascension.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 "Who is this King of glory?—who?"
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 "Who is this King of glory?—who?"
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

45

7s & 6s.

Praise to Christ.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies!
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light!
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;

Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

THE SATISFACTION AND MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

46 C. M.

No Human Priest.

1 THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice of every name
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the Priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

47 H. M.

Captivity led captive.

1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

48 H. M.

A great High Priest in the Heavens.

1 THE glorious work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

49 C. M.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

50 C. M.

Christ an availing High Priest.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments, and crowns,
Are moldered into dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

51 H. M.

The finished Work.

1 DONE is the work that saves;
Once and forever done:
Finished the righteousness
That clothes th' unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victims slain;
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in his hand
Which makes and keeps us clean.
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

52 L. M.

Complete in Christ.

1 MY soul complete in Jesus stands;
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

53 S. M.

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovèd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

54 H. M.

Thine, O Christ, not mine.

1 THY wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee, | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee, | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee?

55 C. M.

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

56 S. M.

Hope from the Gospel only.

1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies:
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

57 8s & 7s.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

58 L. M.

Jesus pleads for me.

1 BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free:
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him and pardon me.

4 One with himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

59 H. M.

Jesus sacrificed for me.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:

His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

60 8s & 7s.

The elder Brother.

1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

61 C. M.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

62 C. M.

Christ's Righteousness perfect.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

63 C. M.

Love to Christ.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul!
Then let me nothing love,
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

64 C. M.

God in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

65 7s.

A Refuge.

1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
  Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
  I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

66 S. M.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
  Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
  To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
  Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
  For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
  Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
  And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

67 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

68 C. M.

Condescension of Christ.

1 THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine?
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

69 C. M.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

70 7s.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

71 C. M.

Christ's Righteousness a Robe.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

72 L. M.

Praise to the Lamb.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

73 S. M.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies.

74 C. M.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

75 C. M.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne
And to adore the Lamb.

76 C. M.

Christ our Theme.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

77 C. M.

The Victories of Christ.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy vict'ries are complete—
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace,

5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng:
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

78 8s & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes decieve and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

79 C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

80 C. M.

Humiliation of Christ.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown,
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

81

8s & 7s.

Christ our Saviour.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee—
Thee, our Saviour—thee, our God;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

82

7s.

Jesus only.

1 JESUS only—dark the cloud
Hanging o'er Mount Tabor proud;
Light from heaven filled the place,
Jesus only, showed his face.

2 Jesus only—blessèd Lord,
All my hopes hang on his word;
Here my soul reposes still,
Here is safe from every ill.

3 Jesus only—this my cry
When I lay me down to die;
Jesus only when I stand
Justified at his right hand.

4 Jesus only—when above
I his full salvation prove;
Evermore my blissful song
Jesus only shall prolong.

83

8s & 7s.

Jesus only.

1 JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

OFFICE AND WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

84 C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

85 S. M.

Sanctifying Influences.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts:
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

86 C. M.

The Spirit's Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

87 L. M.

Quickening Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

88 S. M.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

89 7s.

The Sanctifier.

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine:
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

90 L. M.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

91 S. M.

God working in the Soul.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

92 C. M.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend,
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come—for we wait thy power divine,
Let us thy mercy share.

93 7s.

The Spirit the Sealer.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal Christ's likeness on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

5 Gracious Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

94 C. M.

The Earnest of Heaven.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them, heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness, with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.

95 C. M.

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
  And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads me to the Lamb.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

96 7s.

Consecration to the Trinity.

1 FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
  One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
  Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 If so poor a worm as I
  May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
  All my words and thoughts receive,
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

97 C. M.

Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
  Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
  And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease,
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

98 S. M.

Love to the Trinity.

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

99 H. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high
When earth and time grow old and die.

100 8s & 7s.

Praise the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

101 L. M.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

102 C. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpeter,
And he will make it plain.

103 C. M.

God's Providence mysterious.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wand'ring thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above?

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love, and praise.

104 L. M.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe the grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

105 C. M.

Mysteries explained.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

106 C. M.

Crosses sometimes Blessings.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

107 C. M.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all,
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in my way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

SCRIPTURES.

108 L. M.

The Superiority of the Gospel to the Law.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw,
Thy life and comfort from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

109 L. M.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
O, bless the world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

110 C. M.

Preciousness of the Bible.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

111 C. M.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

112 C. M.

Search the Scriptures.

1 COME, search the Scriptures, saith the Lord,
"They testify of me;"
'Tis truth's eternal, holy word,
From ev'ry error free.

2 Here the eternal Godhead shines
With bright refulgent rays;
Here beam Jehovah's great designs,
From everlasting days.

3 Here the great gospel scheme behold,
Chief of the works of God;
Replete with grace, and love untold,
And pardon bought with blood.

4 Wide may this revelation shine,
And spread from sea to sea,
Till reason stoops to faith divine,
And owns her sovereign sway.

113 S. M.

Power of God's Word.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

114 8s & 6s.

A Priceless Treasure.

1 THIS precious book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball;
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

2 No, no! the soul ne'er found relief
In glitt'ring hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief;
Gold cannot purchase health.
But here a blessèd balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And he that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

3 Yes, yes, this precious book is worth
All else to mortals given—
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day;
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The Light—the Life—the Way."

115 L. M.

Pure Versions.

1 OVER the nations dark as night,
Arise, O Lord, in glorious light;
Reveal thyself to idol lands,
And teach the heathen thy commands.

2 Let the blest volume thou hast given,
Be sent to all men under heaven;
In every tongue, its every page,
Be read by savage and by sage.

3 Clear as the sun, when brightest morn,
Breaks o'er some traveller forlorn;
Nor halo mists his radiance shroud,
Nor dims it a light fleecy cloud.

4 So let thy word in every line
With clear unshrouded lustre shine,
Nor aught obscure, nor aught disguise,
The light which leads us to the skies.

5 Inform with a celestial skill,
Thy servants who translate thy will;
Nor let a single precept be
Concealed and wrapt in mystery.

GOSPEL CALLS AND INVITATIONS.

116 8s & 6s.

The Invitation.

1 JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or fitness for the heavenly place,—
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears;
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come!

5 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

117 8s & 6s.

Just as I am.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

118 C. M.

I will go unto the King.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
I know he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 He promises to hear my plea,
He waits to hear my prayer;
No sinner e'er was turned away,
Or ever perished there.

6 I shall not perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know,
I must forever die.

119 S. M.

The only Refuge.

1 JESUS, I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
O send thy blessèd Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

4 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

120 7s.

Trusting.

1 I AM coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind
I am counting all but dross,
I shall soon salvation find.

Chorus.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

121 P. M.

Even me.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou art calling, O call me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive, and rescue me!—
Even me.

6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me.

122 L. M.

The Striving of the Spirit.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of wordliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

123 S. M.

Now is the Day of Grace.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now is the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need,
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

124 H. M.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has satisfaction made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

125 C. M.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

126 C. M.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

127 7s.

Come and welcome.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

128 L. M.

The Wanderer invited.

1 WANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

129 8s, 7s & 4s.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finished;"
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

130 C. M.

Yet there is Room.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board,
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

131 C. M.

The Saviour at the Door.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

132 8s, 7s & 4s.

The Sinner Invited and Warned.

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

133 C. M.

The Fruitless Fig-tree.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

134 7s.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return:
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

135 7s.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

136 L. M.

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

137 S. M.

Danger of Neglect.

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight,
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

138 C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNER, the voice of God regard:
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your soul of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

139 8s, 7s & 4s.

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender,
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believèd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

140 L. M.

One thing Needful.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

THE NATURE AND EVIDENCE OF REGENERATION.

141 C. M.

His Blood a full Satisfaction.

1 ALAS! by nature how depraved,
How prone to every ill?
Our lives to Satan how enslaved,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And died that we might live:
His blood full satisfaction makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

4 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord who died,
And trample on his blood.

5 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.

142 C. M.

Sense of Depravity.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

5 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

143 C. M.

Conviction by the Law.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

144 C. M.

The Necessity of Regeneration.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard;
Hear, all ye sons of men:
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved;
The heart a sink of sin:
Without a change we can't be saved;
We must be born again.

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

145 C. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rights that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

146 C. M.

Having the Form of Godliness.

1 LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

3 To please thee thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

4 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

5 Where am I now? What is my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

NATURE AND DUTY OF REPENTANCE.

147 C. M.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

148 C. M.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee;
'Tis all that I can do.

149 C. M.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

150 C. M.

Religion the chief Concern.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope our souls inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

151 L. M.

Pardon penitently implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature has no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

152 L. M.

Returning to God.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

153 C. M.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 O, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been—
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

3 Yet, I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
I feel that what my God commands
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow my stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

154 7s.

The penitent Inquirer.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

155 L. M.

Submission at the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to his name.

156 C. M.

The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

157 C. M.

The Contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort filled,
When in thy house of prayer:
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

158 S. M.

Mercy implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

159 C. M.

Lord remember Me.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans;
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me!

160 S. M.

The Soul given up to Christ.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign.
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good, below.

6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

161 L. M.

Returning to God.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

162 C. M.

Self-righteous Hopes Renounced.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

163 S. M.

Office of Faith.

1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

164 C. M.

Confidence in Atoning Blood.

1 O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And satisfaction made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous law;
Christ hath expired for me.

165 C. M.

A Living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

166 S. M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

167 L. M.

The Law satisfied by Christ's Death.

1 WHEN on the cross my Saviour died,
God's holy law he satisfied;
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds, and ease my woes;
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul.
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive,
For Jesus died that I might live.

168 C. M.

The Law fulfilled by Christ.

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toiled, the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

2 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

169 L. M.

Depending on Christ's Righteousness.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

170 8s.

Victorious Faith.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole.

5 Bids sin of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

171 C. P. M.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

172 C. M.

Faith the Gift of God.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift,
My soul, without it, dies.

173 C. M.

Salvation by Faith.

1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

174 S. M.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

175 L. M. 6 lines.

The solid Rock.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

176 S. M.

Salvation through Christ.

1 NOT what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God,
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

3 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

4 'Tis Christ who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

177 L. M. 6 lines.

Pardon in the Blood of Jesus.

1 WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun his presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before his face my Priest appears;
My Advocate the Father hears;
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
The voice of that atoning blood.

4 Here I can rest without a fear;
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

ADOPTION.

178 S. M.

Grace of Adoption.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

179 C. M.

Abba, Father.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

180 C. M.

Rejoicing in God our Father.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

5 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

181 C. M.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

182 L. M.

Christians the Sons of God.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven,
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye—
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

4 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

5 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love,
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

183

7s.

Abba, Father.

1 ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

184

7s.

Blessedness of Adoption.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

185 S. M.

Filial Confidence.

1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

186 7s.

Invitation accepted.

1 AM I called? and can it be?
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has he named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I;
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat.
Thine I am, and thine alone;
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? an heir of God?
Washed, redeemed, by precious blood?
Father, lead me by thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

JESUS THE SAVIOUR.

187 7s. 5 lines.

Only the Crucified.

1 ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

188 C. M.

Ye are complete in Him.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King.
My Prophet full of light;
My great High Priest before the throne;
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace: he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

189 C. M.

Salvation Joyful.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

190 C. M.

The Name of Jesus precious.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

191 C. M.

The Name of Jesus.

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

192 8s & 7s.

The Name of Jesus.

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessèd Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

4 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.

193 P. M.

The Convert's Praises.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this?
O my soul! O my soul!
What wondrous love is this?
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss

To send this precious peace
  To my soul? etc.
To send this precious peace
  To my soul!

2 When I was sinking down,
  Sinking down, etc.;
When I was sinking down,
  Sinking down;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
  For my soul, etc.
Christ laid aside his crown
  For my soul.

3 Ye friends of Zion's King,
  Join the praise, etc.;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
  Join the praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With heart and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
  In his praise, etc.
And strike each tuneful string
  In his praise.

4 To God and to the Lamb,
  I will sing, etc.;
To God and to the Lamb,
  I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
Jehovah, great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
  I will sing, etc.
While millions join the theme,
  I will sing.

194 P. M.

The Joy of Assurance.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O, what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

5 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die.

6 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died, my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

195 7s & 6s.

We love to sing of Jesus.

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day;
For those, who here confess him,
He will in Heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

THE SECURITY OF ALL BELIEVERS.

196 S. M.

Christ a Shepherd.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well;
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live—
Can with this promise die."

197 C. M.

Security in Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
The kingdom of his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Christ and his flock are one:
Thy God is faithful to his saints—
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,
And heavenly joy possessed:
I'll render thanks for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

198 8s.

The Love of the Spirit.

1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 'Tis he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

4 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints,
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

5 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

6 How constant thy love I believe,
Which steadfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy a friend.

199 S. M.

It shall be well with the Righteous.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell,
In time and in eternity
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

3 'Tis well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love:
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

4 'Tis well, when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well, when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

5 'Tis well, when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

200 7s.

As thy Day, thy Strength shall be.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure;
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

201 C. M.

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

202 L. M.

Security in God.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God;
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

203 S. M.

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head—
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

204 L. M.

Stability of the Covenant.

1 REJOICE, ye saints, in every state
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
No turns of Providence abate,
God's care for those he once hath loved.

2 Firmer than heaven his cov'nant stands,
Though earth should shake, and skies depart,
We're safe in our Redeemer's hands,
Who bears our names upon his heart.

3 Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice;
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

4 Though darkness spread around our tent,
Though fears prevail, and joys decline,
God will not of his oath repent,
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

205 8s.

The Believer Safe.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

206 C. M.

Safety.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

207 C. M.

Protection and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be—
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not wall nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

208 L. M.

Faithfulness.

1 HE lives! he lives! and sits above
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

209 L. M. 6 lines.

The Death of Christ sufficient.

1 WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

2 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

3 My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

210 C. M.

Triumph over Trials.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt;
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt
And feel the load of sin.

4 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true:
We shall be conq'rors all ere long,
And more than conq'rors too.

211 C. M.

Christ an Anchor.

1 IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies,
My anchor hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To my Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

212 C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

213 S. M.

God's Favor preferred to the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy holy rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

214 L. M.

Faith in Christ.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

215 C. M.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

216 C. M.

Christ's Flock safe.

1 IN one harmonious cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

4 Now let th' infernal lion roar;
How vain his threats appear,
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

217 C. M.

Vital Union with Christ.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own:
Give me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou then my body wilt present
Before thy Father's face:
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot,
Its beauteous form disgrace.

218 S. M.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound—
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

219 C. M.

Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul be placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

220 C. M.

God faithful.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain:
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide—
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

221 S. M.

Ark of Safety.

1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

222 C. M.

Summary of Doctrines.

1 LET me, my Saviour and my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestowed
On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 'tis a word divine:
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.

3 For perseverance, strength I've none,
  But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved his own,
  Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
  For righteousness divine:
O may thy glorious merits be,
  By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
  From my lamenting eyes;
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
  To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
  And take the sting away;
Can sinners to the utmost save,
  And give them victory.

223 S. M.

Security and Comfort in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
  My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
  To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
  That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
  My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
  Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
  The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

224 C. M.

Amazing Grace.

1 AMAZING grace—how sweet the sound!—
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

Chorus.—O, how I love Jesus,
O, how I love Jesus,
O, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me!

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!—*Cho.*

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.—*Cho.*

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.—*Cho.*

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.—*Cho.*

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.—*Cho.*

225 8s.

Praise for Redemption.

1 SHALL Jesus descend from the skies
To atone for our sins by his blood;
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

2 He saved us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known:
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

3 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That thousands has snared and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy,
Whom Jesus has marked for his own.

4 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night;

5 Till, the Jordan of death safely passed,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

226 7s.

The Pleasures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

227 L. M.

Christ the Hiding-Place.

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran—
"Almighty love—arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But Justice cried, with frowning face—
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

5 But lo, a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

6 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place.

228 11s.

Precious Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not; I am with thee; O, be not dismayed:
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

CONSTITUTING A CHURCH.

229 L. M.

Blessing invoked.

1 LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 May they thy living members prove,
Though all by nature once were dead;
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,
Their husband and their living Head.

3 Thus constituted, may they be
Part of thy general church below;
Yet independent, but on thee,
For thou alone their wants can know.

4 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless:
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

230 C. M.

Christian Fellowship.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Complete in us, whom grace hath called
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one,

3 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

4 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

231 7s.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

THE ORIGIN AND PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

232 S. M.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

233 8s, 7s & 4s.

God the Defence of Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

234 8s & 7s.

Zion's Security.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them, when they pray.

235 S. M.

The Church in the Wilderness.

1 FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still!—
Old, and yet ever new.

3 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.

4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

236 C. M.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

237 7s. 6 lines.

Who shall separate?

1 HALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate
Bride and Bridegroom separate?

3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

238 S. M.

Gospel Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

239 L. M.

A practical Exposition of Baptism.

1 YE sons of men, who long have sought
The meaning of the word baptize,
Attend our practice, and be taught,
In what its solemn meaning lies.

2 Behold these humble Christians go
Down, down beneath the yielding wave!
Jesus the Lord was buried so,
When he was covered in the grave.

3 Soon you will see them rise again,
The Saviour's grace and power to prove;
So Jesus burst the monster's chain,
And lives to bless us with his love.

4 Was Jesus buried in the tomb?
This figure shows our death to sin;
Did Jesus rise and take his throne?
'Tis thus believers follow him.

5 Come, then, ye children of his love,
No longer slight your Saviour's word;
Come, follow your Redeemer God,
E'en when he leads to Jordan's flood.

240 L. M.

Primitive Practice perpetuated.

1 WHAT lovely band is this I see,
All singing in sweet harmony,
Uniting round the water side,
And praising Jesus crucified?

2 These are the followers of the Lamb;
Here they are come to own his name;
Their humble strains ascend the skies;
In faith they're come to be baptized.

3 This brings to view the ancient days,
When first the gospel church was raised,
No other mode was then devised—
Believing souls were thus baptized:

4 Baptized into the Saviour's death,
Arising, live the life of faith;
Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,
By walking in his humble ways.

241 L. M.

The Emblem of Christ's Burial.

1 COME, all ye sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you,
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes!

2 Here in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of his grave:
Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising God;
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

4 Ye too are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word;
And joyfully perceive therein,
An emblem of your death to sin.

5 Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of your life restored;
Live unto him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

242 8s.

The Emblem of Faith.

1 HOW lovely the emblem of faith
In Christ, our adorable Head,
Who sought our redemption in death,
And, triumphing, rose from the dead.

2 How sweet is this beautiful rite
Our *union* with him to proclaim—
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name.

3 How blessèd, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
"All righteousness thus to fulfil."

4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led;
With the scene at the Jordan in view,
We haste in his footsteps to tread.

5 Dear Saviour, thine ordinance bless;
The joy of thy presence make known;
Descend, O thou Spirit of grace,
And own us forever thine own.

243 C. M.

Following Christ.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When hē commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the Fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

244 L. M.

Imitation of Christ.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

245 L. M.

The humble Way.

1 HOSANNA to our Saviour, God,
Who suffered in our room and stead;
He was immersed in Jordan's flood,
And then immersed in sweat and blood!

2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he spilt his precious blood!
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners, through the mystic flood!

3 Come, ye redeemèd of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

4 We to this place are come, to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

246 7s.

Rise, believe, and be baptized.

1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
(Bore the curse to mortals due).
Children, prove your love to him;
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross,
If the Saviour's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

247 8s & 7s.

Following Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

248 S. M.

Delight in Obedience.

1 SAVIOUR, thy laws we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

249 C. M.

Hinder me not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll fellow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

250 S. M.

The Baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our sôuls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

251 8s & 7s.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

252 8s & 7s.

The Charms of Baptism.

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Naught have we to claim as merit,
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit,
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O the charms, the heavenly beauty—
Christ the Lord was buried so!

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave;
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.

253 L. M.

Candidates at the Water-side.

1 LORD, our dependence is alone
On what thy blessèd Son hath done;
Unless we to his merits fly,
Baptized, or unbaptized, we die.

2 Thy name, our covenant God, we boast—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
O may we ever speak thy praise,
Long as the heavens their anthems raise.

254 C. M.

Buried in Jordan.

1 BURIED in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;
And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.

2 This ordinance is plainly given,
'Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heaven,
But show we love the Lord.

255 8s, 7s & 4s.

Buried with Christ by Baptism.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

LORD'S SUPPER.

256 L. M.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

257 L. M.

Remembering Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore:
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

258 C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

259 C. M.

Humble Communion.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place;

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

260 C. M.

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

261 7s.

Prayer to Christ.

1 JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding there for me.

262

8s & 7s.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

263

8s & 7s.

Crying, Abba, Father.

1 "ABBA, Father," we approach thee
In our Saviour's precious name;
We, thy children, here assembling,
Now thy promised blessings claim;
From our sins his blood hath washed us,
'Tis through him our souls draw nigh,
And thy Spirit too hath taught us,
"Abba, Father," thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly, far from thee;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery:

Clothed in garments of salvation,
At thy table is our place;
We rejoice, and thou rejoicest,
In the riches of thy grace.

264 S. M.

Blessed Feast.

1 SWEET feast of love divine;
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

3 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?

265 8s, 7s & 4s.

After Communion.

1 NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from thy table go.
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above.
Ever, ever
Dwelling in the light of love.

266

7s. 6 lines.

Till He come.

1 "TILL he come,"—O, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread.
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some:
Severed only "Till he come."

OCCASIONAL.

ORDINATIONS OF MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

267 L. M.

Thanks for the Ministry.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below;
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

268 C. M.

Watching for Souls.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

269 L. M.

Prayer for Pastor.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

270 L. M.

Prayer for more Laborers.

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Led by thine own almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

271 L. M.

A Pastor welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted head;
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

272 C. M.

Choice of Deacons.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed.

273 C. M.

Duties of Deacons.

1 SAVIOUR, the promised Spirit send,
Thy servants now to bless;
Thy gracious power and wisdom lend,
With peace and righteousness.

2 These we have choosen, may they prove
Blameless, in word and deed;
O fill their souls with godly love,
That they thy poor may feed.

3 May these thy shepherd's hands uphold,
His needful wants supply;
That of the bread of life, thy fold
May eat and never die.

4 May faith in all their actions shine,
And hope, their anchor bright,
With charity, like love divine,
Make all their pathway light.

HYMNS FOR SABBATH WORSHIP.

SABBATH MORNING.

274 7s.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

275 H. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From low desires
And fleeting toys,
I soar to reach
Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;

Let sinners feel
Thy quickening word,
And learn to know
And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul
New life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be
Enjoyed in vain.

276 S. M.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

277 C. M.

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

278 L. M.

Morning Song.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

279 C. M.

The Lord's-Day Morning.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease:
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun
That day, which fades no more?

280 C. M.

The Day of Rest.

1 WEARIED with earthly toil and care,
The day of rest, how sweet!
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 Fain would I lay the burden down
That wounds me with its weight,
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,
And press to heaven's gate.

3 I ask a foretaste of thy peace,
The rest, the joy, the love,
Which, when their earthly Sabbaths cease,
Await the saints above.

281 C. M.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

282 C. M.

Longing for the House of God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

283 C. M.

The Lord's own Day.

1 COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

284 C. M.

The World banished.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

285 7s.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

286 7s.

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the vail, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

287 8s, 7s & 4s.

Public Worship.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught us,
Lo, we come to seek thy face;
Now we wait within thy temple,
For the visits of thy grace:
Let thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,
Here thy promised blessing give;
For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
It alone can make us live.
O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
In this all-auspicious hour;
May thy word to saint and sinner
Come in all its mighty power;
From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply.

SABBATH EVENING.

288 C. M.

A Blessing sought.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

289 8s, 7s & 4s.

Spiritual Improvement.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before—
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

290 7s.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad,
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

291 L. M.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

292 8s & 7s.

Mercy proclaimed.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

293 S. M.

Sabbath-Evening Recollections.

1 THE light of Sabbath-eve
Is fading fast away;
What pleasing record will it leave
To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void?
Or have these precious moments lent
Been sacredly employed?

3 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbath seasons lost appear,
That cannot come again!

4 God of these blissful hours,
O may we never dare
To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer!

CLOSING HYMNS.

294 S. M.

Grace implored.

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes bright or drear
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

295 8s, 7s & 4s.

Safety in Christ.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer;
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

296 7s.

A Blessing desired.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send, thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it, and return to God.

297 L. M.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

298 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply the people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

299 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound,
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—MORNING HYMNS.

300 L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

301 7s.

A Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

302 7s.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song:
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
O preserve me through the day:
Dangers everywhere abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

303 C. M.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

304 C. M.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—EVENING HYMNS.

305 S. M.

Prayer for Safety.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

306 L. M.

Evening Reflections.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

307 L. M.

Evening Reflections.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

308 L. M.

Praises to the Lord.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised:
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

309 L. M.

Trusting God.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious in the judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy parental care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face and sing thy love.

310 C. M.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

311

8s & 7s.

The Evening of Life.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

312 8s & 7s.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

313 S. M.

Flight of Time.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessèd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed.
Nor be in death dismayed.

314 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Trusting the Saviour.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest,
Thro' the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our sleep molest;
Jesus now our Saviour be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims thro' this world and strangers,
Toiling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
And our trust in thee repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

315 7s.

Communion with God.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

316 L. M.

God's Protection on the Deep.

1 ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

OPENING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

317 7s.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest—

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

318 C. M.

A Blessing Sought.

1 GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.

319 C. M.

Divine Blessing solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

320 C. M.

The Spirit's Presence desired.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings—
The wings of peaceful love—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as thy saints above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come.

321 L. M.

A Blessing implored.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee,
O choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest,
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

322 7s & 6s.

Condition of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

323 7s & 6s.

Success of the Gospel.

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
  Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
  Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
  In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
  Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
  Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
  With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
  Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
  In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
  The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
  A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
  Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

324 8s, 7s & 4s.

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer—never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

325 L. M.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O bid the morning star arise;
O point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

326 7s & 6s.

The Contest ended.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:

High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.

327

7s & 6s.

The Gospel Banner.

1 NOW be the gospel banner,
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

328 8s & 7s.

Missionaries charged.

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high:
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray:
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

329 8s, 7s & 4s.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamèd,
As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never namèd,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessèd freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend,
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

330 P. M.

Missionary Hymn.

1 THE chariot of mercy is speeding its way
Far, far o'er the shadowy gloom,
And the lands that in death's dark obscurity lay,
Are bursting the bars of the tomb.
I see where 'tis shedding its luminous ray,
Dispersing the shadow of night,
And the wandering nations are hailing the day,
And rejoice in its glorious light.

2 Hallelujahs are sounding melodious, clear,
Borne sweet from the isles of the sea,
And the lands of the East send the echo afar,
And the long-fettered pagan is free.
And the Indian that roams through the green
prairied West,
Now raises his tear-moistened eye,
As he welcomes with joy the glad tidings of rest,
In a home far away in the sky.

3 And the dark-visaged son of the African wild
Has tasted Immanuel's love,
And his lion-like nature grows tenderly mild,
As he hears the sweet news from above.
O chariot of mercy! roll gloriously on,
And sweep over mountain and sea,
Till the last gloomy shadow of darkness is gone,
And the last fettered spirit is free.

331 C. M.

Missionaries commended to God.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door,
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

THE SEASONS.

332 C. M.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

333 L. M.

Close of the Year.

1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

334 5s & 12s.

The New Year.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

335 7s.

New Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

336 C. M.

New Year.

1 OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

337 6s & 4s.

Prayer for our Country.

1 GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

338 C. M.

Our Help is in the Name of the Lord.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too,—how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

339 C. M.

Relief from National Judgments implored.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

340 L. M.

Lord, let thy Goodness lead our Land.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise,
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

MEETING AND PARTING.

341 C. M.

The Christian's Hope.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
  We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope when days and years are past,
  We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
  Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
  Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
  Which Jesus' grace has given, etc.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
  From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
  We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
  Which Jesus' grace has given, etc.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
  Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
  And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
  Which Jesus' grace has given, etc.

342 L. M.

The Parting Hand.

1 MY Christian friends, in bonds of love,
  Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

3 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on; we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

4 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts in love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

5 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace! in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

6 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

7 I hope you'll all remember me;
If you on earth no more I see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

343 S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

344 8s & 7s.

Gather at the River.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

345 11s & 10s.

Parting Song.

1 BROTHERS, clasp hands, the brief moments are flying;
Here upon earth but as pilgrims we dwell;
Gladly we met, yet we part without sighing,
Looking beyond the fraternal farewell.
In his dear name, the All-loving, All-seeing
Hand clasped in hand for him, brothers farewell.

2 Rich in our faith, in our love, in our union,
Foretastes of heaven together we've known,
Ours is the bliss of a saintly communion,
Granted to lovers of Jesus alone.

3 Now to our work again, stronger for meeting,
Pledged to our Master as never before,
Warm are the hearts that are loyally beating,
Longing to serve and to honor him more.

4 Jesus we own as the Lord of our being;
Let our last song rich in gratitude swell;
In his dear name, the All-loving, All-seeing,
Hand clasped in hand for him, brothers, farewell.

346 8s.

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 O when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above—
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' love?

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

347 6s & 5s.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:

Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

DEATH.

348 8s & 3s.

The Christian's Trials end in Death.

1 WHAT'S this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame,
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall my Lord in glory see—
All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well;
My sins are pardoned, I am free;
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies—
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saintly throng,
All is well;
I will the joyful notes prolong,
All is well.

Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls,
All is well;
His radiant light around me falls,
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you—
My glitt'ring crown appears in view;
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, Hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well.

349 L. M.

Death disarmed.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

350 S. M.

Song of the Dying.

1 O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there!

3 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

4 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays.

5 Then to my raptured ears,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

6 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

7 Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

351 S. M.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
In Paradise above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

[To be repeated, not sung.]

352 L. M.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

353 C. M.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

354 L. M.

Asleep in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

355 L. M.

Sleeping in Jesus.

1 TO sleep in Jesus, rapturous thought,
To close in peace our mortal days,
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise!

2 To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
Increasing still, and ever new;
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too!

3 To fear no pain, to know no care;
No sin nor frailty to molest;
And on each glorious object there,
To see eternity impressed.

4 Ere long will death unclose my chains,
And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee:
The happiest hour that time retains,
Is that which sets the spirit free.

356 C. M.

Death and heavenly Happiness.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
  I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
  And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
  Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
  And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus done for me!
  Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
  And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
  Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
  And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
  If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
  And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
  Take life or friends away;
But let me meet my friends again
  In that eternal day.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

357 C. M.

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

358 C. M.

Death of Christian Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS.

359 7s, 8s & 7s.

Jesus, my Hope and Trust.

1 JESUS lives, and so shall I;
Death, thy sting is gone forever;
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives the bands of death to sever,
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my hope and trust.

2 Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels he receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as he is just;
Jesus is my hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage, then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:
Jesus is my hope and trust.

360 8s.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour, whom, absent, I love—
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the veil be removed!
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

361 S. M.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 Then lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

362 S. M.

Prayer for Israel.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled—
Thy family complete.

363 C. M.

Judah's glorious Day.

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which binds the nations now?

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie—
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

364 C. M.

Returning to Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come! thine exalted bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

365 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

366 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
O why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

367 S. M.

Longing for Christ.

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

3 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise—
Creation's second birth.

368 S. M.

Prayer for Christ's Coming.

1 COME! for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

2 Come! for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

3 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come! and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

369 S. M.

Prayer for His Coming.

1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

370 8s, 7s & 4s.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

371 8s, 7s & 4s.

Christ is coming.

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase—
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessèd Prince of peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign—
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God—
All creation
Yet shall own that kingly rod.

4 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see—
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

5 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

PROPHETIC EVENTS.
REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

372 C. M.

Effects of the Mission of Christ.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

373 C. M.

The Spiritual Coronation.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

374 8s, 7s & 4s.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

1 LOOK, ye saints—the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings;
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

375 7s.

Hallelujah.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

376 L. M.

The Church's Victory.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall daring foes invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrow boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair,
Nor will thy watchful Saviour cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

377 C. M.

The Glory of the latter Day.

1 BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

378 L. M.

Millennium.

1 WHEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a dazzling day,
The saints shall view with sweet surprise
His grand, his universal sway!

2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign,
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Shall never more of wants complain.

3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond and free
Shall boast their several rites no more,
But join in sweetest harmony
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.

4 O happy day! when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honors crowned.

379 7s.

Watchman on Zion's Walls.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

380 8s & 7s.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us:
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

381 8s & 7s.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

382 H. M.

Millennium Hymn.

1 ISLES of the south, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale
With hallelujahs ring:
Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child
Neath the banana-tree:
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
No funeral fires blaze high;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves.

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
The crescent head lies low;
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour God the Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The Sufferer's dying moan,
The last sad cry that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane?

6 Hail, glad millennial day!
O shout, ye heavens above;
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love;
Redeeming love the song shall be;
Hail, blessèd year of jubilee!

383 8s & 7s.

Zion's Grandeur.

1 BLEST inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know

384 L. M.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"

3 The government of earth and seas,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne:
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

385 C. M.

The Crown of Jesus.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above:
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

5 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

386 7s.

The Song of Jubilee.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King;"
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

PROPHETIC EVENTS.—FINAL JUDGMENT.

387 S. M.

Judgment on the Wicked.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

388 L. M.

The last Day.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinners' stay,
Though earth and heaven shall pass away.

389 8s.

The Wheat and Tares.

1 THOUGH in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 'Twill aggravate their sorrows there
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew:
For soon, etc.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Is every soul a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, O prepare!
For soon, etc.

390 C. M.

Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come—
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

391 S. M.

Coming of the Judge.

1 BEHOLD the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

392 7s.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HEAVEN ON THE NEW EARTH.

393 C. M.

The Heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

394 C. M.

Sweet Land of Rest.

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

395 C. M.

Canaan's fair and happy Land.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

396 C. M.

The Society of Heaven.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

397 8s.

The New Jerusalem.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.

2 From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God.

3 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:

4 The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

5 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear.

6 Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

398 6s.

Nearer Home.

1 SWEETLY one solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
To lay this burden down:
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But darkly rolling through
The shadowy vale I pass,
That fearful stream I view,
My trembling soul must cross.

5 Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my eye of faith—
Give to feel as I would,
On the cold shore of death.

399 C. M.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

400 7s.

Paradise.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain;
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again:
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
High their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

401 8s & 7s.

A Home in Glory.

1 A LITTLE longer here below,
And we'll go home to glory,
Where joy supreme we all shall know,
In yon bright world of glory.

CHORUS.

O glory! O glory!
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

2 And when we're laid beneath the ground,
With Christ who reigns in glory,
We all shall rise when the trump shall sound,
To sit with him in glory.
O glory, etc.

3 We hope to meet our brethren there,
In heaven, our home of glory,
Who oft have joined with us in prayer,
And praise of God, in glory.
O glory, etc.

4 Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,
There's room for you in glory,
Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,
And find a home in glory.
O glory, etc.

402 L. M.

Going home.

1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going, etc.

403 S. M.

No Sorrow there.

1 I LOVE to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.
There'll be, etc.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home;
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.
There'll be, etc.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden street.
There'll be, etc.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
O how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there.
There'll be, etc.

404 11s.

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

PERSONAL TRIALS.

405 7s.

Resignation under Trials.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befal,
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

406 C. M.

Resignation in Affliction.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God—
Thrice blessèd be his name—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

407 C. M.

Prayer for Submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

408 8s.

The Promise of God sure.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

409 8s.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

410 L. M.

Contentment in Sorrows.

1 IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days:
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessèd days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

411 C. M.

Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

CHRISTIAN ACTS, DUTIES, AND GRACES.

412 6s & 4s.

Nearer to God.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

413 8s, 7s & 4s.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

414 8s & 7s.

The Pilgrim.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

415 8s & 7s.

Prayer and Praise.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of louder praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

416 S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

417 8s & 7s.

Sitting at the Foot of the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

418 8s, 7s & 4s.

Hope encouraged.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

419 7s.

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
O how sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally!

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,
Preparations from above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

420 L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

421 C. M.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

422 C. M.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

423 C. M.

A Throne of Grace.

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need,
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

424 L. M.

Retirement in Prayer.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

425 L. M.

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

426 C. M.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

427 L. M.

Unbelieving Fear removed.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear.
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

428 C. M.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

429 7s & 6s.

Christian's Way to Zion.

1 ASHAMED to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on the way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, blessèd Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid the cross to cherish,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness,
Of mercy, rich and free.

430 S. M. Double.

Christ sought me.

1 I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wand'ring one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

431 6s & 8s.

Love.

1 LOVE is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.

2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love,—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!

432 C. M.

The Christian's Happiness.

1 HOW happy's every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.

2 "A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

3 O what a blessèd hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

433 7s & 6s.

The old, old Story.

1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

434 7s & 6s.

He hath borne our Griefs.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursèd load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

435 7s & 6s.

Resting on Jesus.

1 I REST my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine,
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.

2 I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.

4 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

436 8s & 7s.

The Call of Jesus.

1 JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

437 L. M.

The Road to Life and to Death.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

438 S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

439 L. M.

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

440 C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

441 C. M.

Bearing Shame for Christ.

1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

442 C. M.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

443 C. M.

The Saints Above.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

444 7s.

Mary at the Tomb.

1 MARY, to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings us joy.

445 8s.

The Presence of Christ desired.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish for or fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

446 S. M.

The Christian Soldier's Strength.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

447 7s & 6s.

Stand up for Jesus.

1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
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